

# GIANTS WIN FIRST GAME; SCORE 2 TO 1; GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN THE PITCHERS

WEATHER—Rain to-night or Sunday.

**FINAL EDITION.**

"Circulation Books Open to All."



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## HERE'S HOW 50,000 BALL-CRAZED FANS APPEARED AT GAME

Great Throng in Playful Spirit Before the Giants and Athletics Trotted on Field to Begin Great Battle.

DAWN FOUND HUNDREDS CAMPED AT THE GATE

Deafening Outbursts When Favorite Teams Ran Out in Field for First Contest of Series.

BY IRVIN S. COBB.

(Written Specially for The Evening World.)

POLO GROUNDS, U. S. A., Oct. 14.—It is 7 o'clock in the morning of probably the finest, prettiest October day in history and Bulger and I, moving in on the Polo Grounds by the right and left flank—one from Harlem and the other from Yonkers—find to our surprise that apparently everybody else on the continent of North America also left a call with the night clerk for this hour so as to be on hand in ample season; that is, everybody did except the faithful cohort of sleep-walkers who've been here, snoozing on their feet all the chilly night through.

If it had been out and coopered to order by the seven little tailors of the weather, this day, from the way it looks now, could not have been better fitted for the occasion at hand. At this time—7 o'clock as aforesaid—the sky is as blue and clear as a collector's eyes, except in the northeast, where a whole slew of little fish-shaped white clouds, like a school of silver mackerel, are sailing right into the big round red grille of a sun and being burned up instantly.

As we pass the press gate turnstile, which already is clicking like grand-father's clock, and climb up the lower grand stand we see before us stretching out in front of a field as green as the Irish flag and as fit as a fiddle, smooth like a billiard table and springy like new rubber, with the base lines and the other markings outlined as clearly as though they were carved in green jade instead of green turf. Already sundry thousands of the early rising, late staying up fans are on hand. These are those who stood in line all night—be humbug, danglers of the national pastime.

Outside the fences the droopy-eyed policemen have already told us of the gallant band that waited on their feet from dark last evening until sun up this morning for the ticket windows to open. They have told us of the earling away of four full wagon loads of camp stools, cots, boxes and kitchen chairs that were abandoned in the first rush to be inside and they told us of the monumental labors of one rainy youth who brought with him a five foot square packing case, and bedded himself down for the night inside of it, cuddled up in his nest of newspapers and excelsior like a hibernating chipmunk in his hole.

Looking across the Polo Grounds to the bleachers we can well believe that the policemen did not exaggerate a mite, for through the soft Indian summer haze we can see the advance guard of to-day's crowd charging through the runways in living frenzies. These floods break into spray at the barriers and then go seeping and pouring and flowing over and across the wide yellow and green stretches of the bleachers, blotting them out of sight instantly. Viewed from this distance the bleacher picture puts you in mind of a sudden flood leaping over the gutter curbing and after running between the cracks of a brick sidewalk, suddenly submerging the bricks themselves.

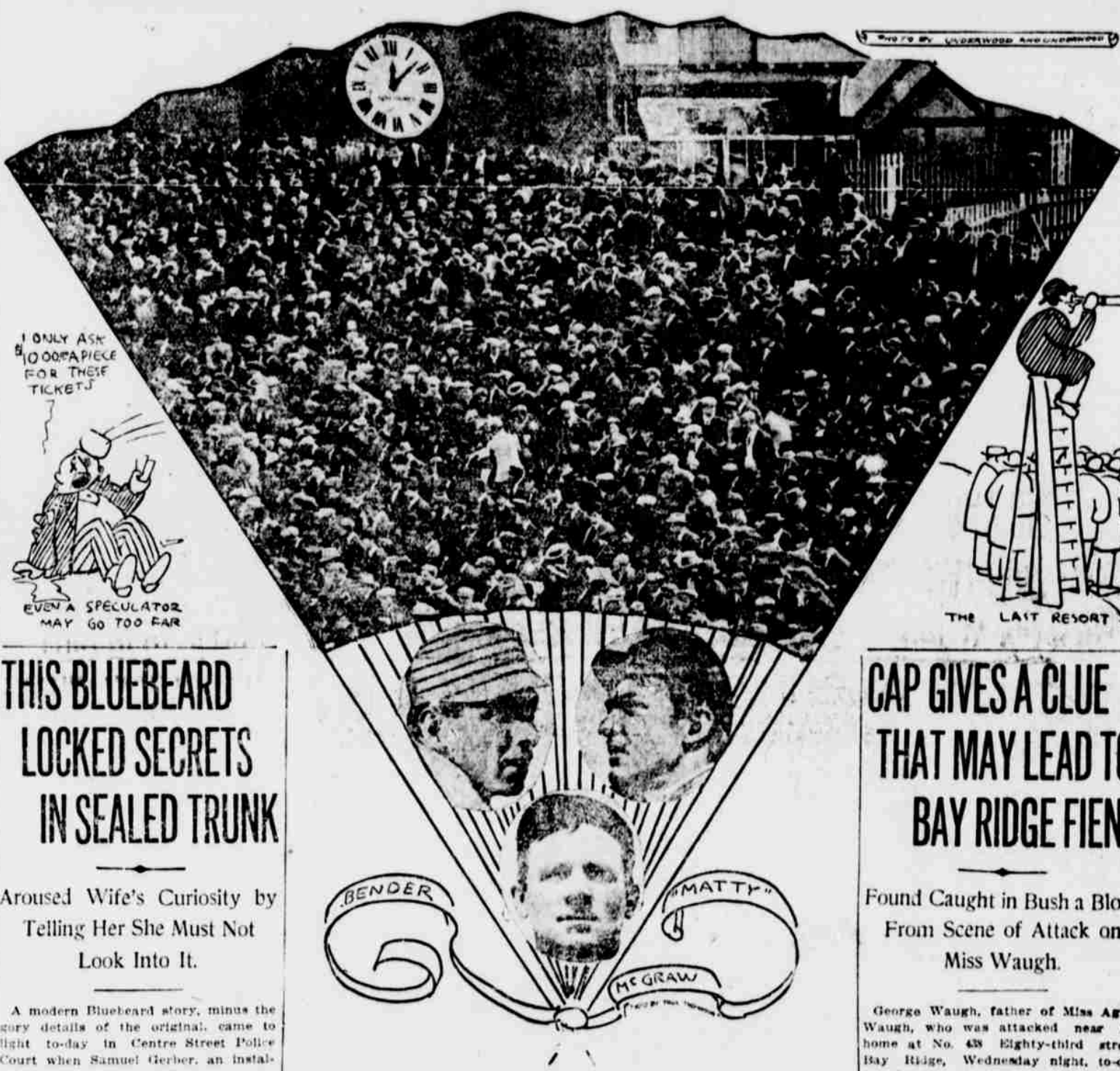
Over the field came to us in a growing chorus the first battle hymn of baseball:

"We're here because we're here, because we're here, because we're here." The big day has started and it's on its way.

7.30 A. M.—The old Polo Grounds was like half of a grapefruit, but those grounds, with the seating space rising it all the way round, puts you in mind of a great cantaloupe, split wide open. At the back rises the biggest grand stand on earth—so big a grand stand in fact, that we must call it a stadium now—a vast open-cast yawning maw with steel muscles and a concrete skin, its upper tier and its lower gaping like wide stretched jaws. Carrying the

## DEVORE'S TWO-BAGGER IN SEVENTH BRINGS HOME THE WINNING RUN

Bleacherites Two Hours Before the Game Started



### THIS BLUEBEARD LOCKED SECRETS IN SEALED TRUNK

Aroused Wife's Curiosity by Telling Her She Must Not Look Into It.

A modern Bluebeard story, minus the gory details of the original, came to light today in Centre Street Police Court when Samuel Gerber, an installment furniture house collector, was arraigned on a charge of bigamy and held in \$5,000 bail.

Gerber never read about how Bluebeard aroused the curiosity of his wives by forbidding them to look into a certain room, so, when he married Besse Stepper of No. 12 East One Hundred and Sixth street on June 13 last, he tried the curiosity of his bride at once by instructions he gave concerning a certain trunk.

The couple engaged apartments at No. 121 Sixteenth street, Brooklyn. Among Gerber's effects was a stout trunk, locked and strapped and sealed. "Don't you ever look in that trunk, my dear," Gerber admonished his bride. "It contains papers of the utmost importance to me, but of no value to you. That is one injunction I place upon you as my wife—never try to find out what is in that trunk."

Naturally, Mrs. Gerber was just crazy to know what was in the trunk. Every time she saw it her desire to explore its secrets grew stronger. About a week ago she succeeded in her feminine incursions and carefully forced the trunk. She had hoped to find—as all wives hope to find—something to give opportunity to repudiate her husband. Her hope came out of the trunk in the shape of a bundle of receipts.

These receipts showed that, from September, 1909, to May, 1911, Samuel Gerber paid to Lena Gerber the sum of \$2,000. The receipts were given to her by Samuel Gerber, president of the Educational Alliance, an east side philanthropic association. "Is it alimony or non-support?" Mrs. Gerber asked herself as she released and resealed the trunk.

Saying nothing to her husband of her discovery, she went to see her father's lawyer, Sol J. Dickheiser, and had the receipt and one of the receipts before him. Mr. Dickheiser communicated with Mr. Sobel.

Although splendid order was maintained despite the vast swarms of humanity and automobiles that clogged the streets neighboring about the Polo Grounds, Commissioner Walker's Strong Arm squad was kept on the jump from the minute they arrived until after the third inning had elapsed of its frenzied session. In the course of the afternoon the forty "Strong Arm" cops made more than one hundred arrests of gamblers and speculators.

Up on Crockett's Bluff, where an immense amount of public work is a state of terrific strain, the detectives carried on a continuous raid on what game and three-and-a-half cent men. These gentry had sprung up from the ground on every hand when the crowds grew dense, and they were particularly active among the free lance fans on Crogan's Bluff.

The speculators were nabbed whenever they sought to traffic. Some were plucked out of doorways, some were snatched from the platforms of trolley cars. A score were arrested on the "U" station at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, but it was all done with such business-like despatch and with such snappy precision that there was scarcely any confusion.

Suppressing the poor in sultry summer by withholding the supply of ice, freezing the helpless in winter by stopping the stream of coal and shutting off the water from the thirsty of the parks all became offenses of secondary importance to-day before the grab for personal gain from the hoarding of tickets to the ball game.

What ball game? Officer kindly ask the ambulance surgeon to put him in the harness ward. Take the case of Harry J. Gooding of No. 222 East Fifty-sixth street. Not only did he have real tickets for six at \$2.00 apiece, but he added the insult of hawking out the face through a megaphone at eighth avenue and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street.

### CAP GIVES A CLUE THAT MAY LEAD TO BAY RIDGE FIEND

Found Caught in Bush a Block From Scene of Attack on Miss Waugh.

George Waugh, father of Miss Agnes Waugh, who was attacked near her home at No. 438 Eighty-third street, Bay Ridge, Wednesday night, to-day found a cap that gives promise of being the first valuable clue that has come to the detectives. The cap, a gray one with a greenish gray lining, was found on a bush in Eighty-third street, between Third and Fourth avenues, a block from the scene of the attack.

On the top of the cap is a stain that seems to have been made by blood. The cap has a clasp in front to hold the top to the visor. The clasp had been pulled open. There were no marks in the cap, but the detectives immediately took it and will trace it from the manufacturer as soon as they can ascertain the maker's name. They think this can be done through its style and trade finishing.

ANOTHER CLUE DEALS WITH A MAN SEEKING VICINITY.

The police also heard from Carl Newton, a conductor on the Fifth avenue trolley line, that an employee of a restaurant, whose name is withheld, asked the way to the neighborhood of the crime shortly before it was committed and that he has not been seen since. While there is no suggestion that the man made the attack, the police are investigating his history and movements.

YOUNG NEIGHBOR SAYS GIRL LEFT CAR, FRIGHTENED.

James Finlay, a young man who lives at Eighty-sixth street and Fourth avenue, told the police that he was on the car Wednesday night when Miss Waugh left it. He says she seemed frightened, and her manner attracted his attention and he looked around.

Then, he added, he saw a man approaching in Eighty-third street, from the direction of Sixth avenue. The man had his hands behind him, his coat over his arm, and wore a slouch hat. He continued up Eighty-third street in the direction taken by the girl.

Miss Waugh suffered greatly to-day. Her mother said that she begged incessantly that she might die. Three detectives called to talk with her. They found her unable to recall a single thing that might lead to the identification of her assailant.

George Waugh, her father, condemned the police for their lack of interest and speed in handling the case. He said that they were going about the task in a half-hearted manner that promised little result.

Fifty Thousand Fans Go Wild When Chief Meyers Crosses Plate in Lucky Inning on Josh's Timely Hit.

MATTY WINS PITCHING DUEL FROM THE INDIAN

Police Handle Record Throng in Perfect Shape—Speculators and Gamblers Gathered in by the Score.

SCORE BY INNINGS:  
ATHLETICS 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1  
GIANTS 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 2  
Umpires—Messrs. Klem and Dineen and O'Loughlin and Connolly.

GIANTS.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.	ATHLETICS.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Devore, lf.....	0	1	3	0	0	0	Lord, lf.....	0	0	2	0	0	0
Doyle, 2b.....	0	1	1	0	0	0	Oldring, cf.....	0	2	1	0	0	0
Snodgrass, cf.....	1	0	2	0	0	0	Collins, 2b.....	0	0	0	5	1	1
Murray, rf.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	Baker, 3b.....	1	2	0	1	1	1
Merkle, 1b.....	0	1	1	1	0	0	Murphy, rf.....	0	0	1	0	0	0
Hertzog, 3b.....	0	0	0	2	0	0	Davis, 1b.....	0	1	8	0	0	0
Fletcher, ss.....	0	0	2	3	0	0	Barry, 1b.....	0	0	0	1	0	0
Meyers, c.....	1	1	7	1	0	0	Thomas, c.....	0	0	12	2	0	0
Mathewson, p.....	0	1	0	4	0	0	Bender, p.....	0	1	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	2	5	27	11	0	0	Totals.....	1	6	24	10	2	0

First Base on Balls—Off Mathewson, 1; off Bender, 3. Left on Bases—New York, 4; Philadelphia, 4. Struck Out—By Mathewson, 3; by Snodgrass, 2.

By BOZEMAN BUIFFER. (Special to The Evening World.)

POLO GROUNDS, N. Y., Oct. 14.—Fifty thousand fans went wild this afternoon when the Giants won the opening game of the world's series from the Athletics by a score of 2 to 1. The game was a great pitchers' duel between Matty and "Indian" Bender. Josh Devore won the game with a two-bagger in the seventh, scoring Meyers, who had previously doubled. Up to this inning Bender had pitched great ball, striking out eleven Giants and being hit safely only five times. Matty struck out six of the Athletics and was touched up for six hits.

The Giants put over the first punch in the opening fight when twenty-six athletes under the leadership of McGraw dashed on the field resplendent in spick and span broadcloth uniforms of glistening black. The stockings, belt and cap peaks were of pure white. These uniforms were made especially for the occasion and were almost duplicates of those worn by the Giants when they captured the world's championship in 1905.

Alongside the dull gray shopworn affairs of the Athletics the black broadcloth gave the New York contingent a touch of class that was unmistakable. Then, though it was apparently unimportant, this stroke by McGraw had a telling effect on the thousands who had waited for hours to get the first glimpse of their favorites.

The Giants bore the imprint of up-to-date New York in every move. Their clothes and walk had a snap to it that made the comparison too strong for the Athletics to get more than a feeble cheer from their supporters, who had come over in a special train from Philadelphia 5,000 strong. To show that it was to be a battle with true sportsmanship as a basis, the Giants and Athletics gathered around the plate and warmly shook hands. Manager Mack was not in uniform, and in his garb of black he looked almost priestly as he took the hand of McGraw, who wore the snappy uniform of the Giants.

ALL WERE SMILING BUT LITTLE STUFFY M'INNIS.

In all the faces of the eager Athletics there was but one that failed to muster a smile. The unhappy youth was Stuffy McInnis, the youngster who came out of a fishing smack at Gloucester a year or so ago and has written his name in fiery letters across the American League circuit. He was told to-day that he could not play in to-day's game or in the series on account of the condition of his wrist: that was injured three weeks ago by George Mullen of the Tigers. Mullen sat in the press box and his grief over the condition of McInnis was as great as that of the player himself.

Harry Davis, the veteran of scores of similar battles, was forced to play first for the Athletics. He knows the game thoroughly, but Harry has been struck down by the weapon of age and

the absence of the fiery McInnis will mean a severe handicap to the Athletics team. McInnis is not only a good fielder but one of the best hitters in the game. After the army of photographers had put the players through their poses the field was turned over to the sombre clad Giants for batting practice. In regular batting order they belted the ball around with great precision while the fans cheered their every wallop as if the game itself was on.

MARQUARD MEETS HIS OLD BATTERY PARTNER. The Athletics then took the field and went through the same process of getting their eyes trained for the great contest that was to come. An interesting event of the practice was the meeting of catcher Livingston of the Athletics and Rube Marquard of the Giants. They were former battery partners at Indianapolis. As soon as the camera squad got onto this fact the pair had to pose for innumerable photographs.